

IND.

ALL BRAND-NEW BATTLE ADVENTURES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY61
DEC

10¢

BATTLE

A BATTLE ADVENTURE AS
UP-TO-THE MINUTE AS TODAY!**"ROCKETS
AWAY!"**

C'MON, BOSTON, PUT
THAT STOVE PIPE
DOWN AND GRAB SOME
CHOW! THERE AIN'T
BEEN A MOVE ON THAT
ROAD FOR DAYS!!!

MEBBE, BUT
I COULDA
SWORN I
HEARD A TANK
A FEW MINUTES
AGO!!!



Manoely

TONY PASCARELLA

BEFORE

"Here's me—a bag-of-bones
weakling before
I mailed the
coupon."

AFTER

"I ADDED 3 NEW INCHES
TO MY CHEST."

"I PUT 3 NEW
INCHES OF
ROCK-LIKE
MUSCLE ON
EACH ARM!"



Like Tony YOU can be a
GOLD MEDAL WINNER
in



It's easy with
Jowett Training!
Mail Coupon
To See How!

WOW! What an AMAZING HE-MAN TONY IS NOW!

He gained **28** MUSCLE-PACKED POUNDS all over!
Won NEW HANDSOME LOOKS... NEW POPULARITY.

World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

Shows YOU How in **10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!**

COME ON PAL! Now YOU make me

prove it! Give my easy, quick course just
10 pleasant minutes a day in your own
home like Tony did. In a few short weeks
your puny, old frame will come alive
with smooth, giant HE-MAN MUSCLES
and POWER to make you PROUD!



WIN CHEERS Not JEERS

On the beach, in the gym, on the job, in ALL
sports your new rippling, strong-as-iron
muscles, new jetline body will win envy,
admiration, bring you SUCCESS. Tested
and proved Jowett training will bring
you new men and women friends, new
popularity everywhere you go.

"You
should have
seen
SKINNY ME
only a few
WEEKS AGO!"

NO! I don't care how skinny or flab-
by you are. I'll make you OVER by
the SAME secret method I turned
myself from a wreck to the strong-
est of the strong. I can do for you
what I do each year for MANY THOU-
SANDS of weaklings like Tony was.

DEVELOP YOUR

520 MIGHTY MUSCLES

Gain or Lose Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll ADD INCHES of shapely MUSCLES to your
skinny ARMS and CHEST... see your fat melt away to a
HARD, SOLID body in fighting trim. Your BACK and
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain
in LOOKS, SIZE, STAMINA, SEX APPEAL... you'll be
"Top Kick" in SPORTS, BUSINESS, In anything you tackle!

GET STARTED NOW! MAIL COUPON

Stop WISHING! You can do it. Mail NOW the ALL-FREE
coupon below as I did. Get ALL 5 BOOKS FREE (mil-
lions sold for \$1.00) while limited offer lasts. Learn
HOW you can WIN \$100 and a big 15"
silver cup as a Jowett trained
CHAMPION!



YOU CAN WIN

A BIG 15" TALL
SILVER CHAMPION CUP
and \$100 IN CASH
as I just did!

GET GOING, PAL!
Mail coupon to get
FREE
5 PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN BOOKS
Limited offer.
Millions sold at \$1.00.
Act before price
goes back.

ALL
5
BIG

**BOOKS
YOURS!
COUNT
THEM!**

"I gained
60 lbs. of
muscles."

says
John
Sill

1

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added
7 inches
to my
CHEST
3 inches
to each
ARM."
says
Lobie
Jackson

2

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

3

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

4

5

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

Do
as I did

MAIL THIS LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON TODAY!

And get 1. FIVE HE-MAN BOOKS; 2. MUSCLE METER; 3. PHOTO BOOK

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
270 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dept. MA-810
Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses
Worked in
World War
Boat Race
All Around
U.S. Navy
Physical
Director"

Dear George: Please send me FREE a Muscle
Meter and all 5 books in one volume on
"How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN." For
extra promptness, also send Jowett's PHOTO
Book of Strong Men. Enclosed find 10¢ FOR
POSTAGE AND HANDLING. (No C.O.D.'s)
Please tell me how I can start your train-
ing and get the results that Tony did.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS AND DOLLARS!

ROCKETS AWAY!

HERE'S THE SITUATION... **ABLE COMPANY** MARINES ARE GOING TO MAKE A LANDING **BEHIND** THE COMMIE LINE AT DAWN! THEN **KING COMPANY** GYRENES, WHO ARE ALREADY IN COMBAT WILL MOVE UP AND THE REDS WILL BE CAUGHT IN THE OL' SQUEEZEROO! BUT IF THE COMMIES RUSH UP TANKS, IT'LL BE **OVER AND OUT** FOR THE LANDING! THAT'S WHY **KING COMPANY** BAZOOKA PATROLS ARE OUT ON THE PROWL NOW, LOOKING FOR ENEMY TANKS...



THERE'S ONE,
BOSTON! A COMMIE
TANK COMIN' RIGHT
AT US!

OKAY, MULE... OKAY! I AIN'T
BLIND OR DEAF... I SEE AN'
HEAR IT! DON'T GET SO
EXCITED JUST 'CAUSE IT'S OUR
FIRST ENCOUNTER!



LOAD ME... AN WE'LL
GET OUR FIRST TANK
WITH OUR FIRST
ROCKET!

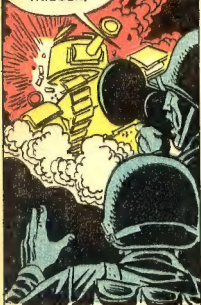
YOU'RE LOADED,
BUDDY! LET THE
ROCKET RIP!

THURGOOD

by Vert

SUDDENLY A MIGHTY SWOOSH SENDS A H.E.A.T.* ROCKET SLICING THRU THE NIGHT...AND THE ENEMY TANK IS GULPED UP IN A CRIMSON FLASH!

HEY! I DIDN'T EVEN PULL THE TRIGGER!



SOMEBODY ELSE GOT OUR TANK!

FINDERS KEEPERS... LOSERS WEEPEES, MULE!



AW-W, SARGE! WHY'D YOU DO IT? YOU'VE NAILED COMMIE TANKS BEFORE...BUT ME AN' MULE NEVER HAVE! THAT WOULD'A BEEN OUR FIRST IF YOU HADN'T BUTTED IN!



THE CAP'N PROMISED A CASE OF BEER TO THE TEAM THAT DOES THE BEST JOB ON THIS DETAIL...AND THAT MEANS ME AND MY LOADER BUTCH!

WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PRIZE, SARGE! WE'RE NEW...AN' WE WANT TO DO OUR SHARE IN THIS OUTFIT!



THE KING COMPANY BAZOOKA TEAMS CONTINUE TO HAUNT THE NIGHT...AND "BOSTON" BAKER AND HIS PAL "MULE" MILLER CONTINUE TO HOPE FOR A KILL...

SH-H! THERE'S ONE...PARKED! LOAD ME, MULE!

THIS ONE'S OURS FOR SURE!



MULE GETS THE EIGHT-POUND ROCKET STUFFED INTO THE PIPE...BUT BOSTON DOESN'T GET TO YANK THE TRIGGER AGAIN...

SOMEBODY BEAT US TO THE TARGET AGAIN!



***HIGH EXPLOSIVE ANTI-TANK!**

WE'VE BEEN OUT HALF THE NIGHT... AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN FIRED A ROCKET YET!

YEAH! AN' ALL THE OTHER TEAMS HAVE CLOBBERED AT LEAST ONE TANK!



IT AIN'T FUNNY... NOT TO BOSTON AND MULE! THEY'RE BOOTS IN KING COMPANY AND THEY WANT TO PROVE THAT THEY BELONG...

AND WE'VE GOT TO DO IT IN A FEW MORE HOURS! IT'LL BE DAWN SOON AND ABLE COMPANY WILL BE LANDIN'!

RIGHT NOW I'D SETTLE FOR ANY KIND OF A RED TARGET...EVEN A COMMIE TRUCK OR...



MAYBE THE FATES ARE SAVIN' YOU TWO AN' ALL YOUR ROCKETS FOR SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT ...SOME BIG TARGET!



YOU GOT YOUR WISH, BOSTON... FOUR TIMES! LOOK!

A COMMIE CONVOY! WE'RE IN BUSINESS, PAL!



FOUR SUDDEN SWOOSHES...



FOUR SHOCKING BLASTS...



FOUR TRUCKS DESTROYED...



FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! AGAIN SOMEBODY BEAT US TO THE TARGETS!



AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT... ALL THE WAY TO THE COMING OF THE DAWN... AND THE TIME FOR **ABLE COMPANY**...

HERE THEY COME... AN' WHAT DID **WE** DO TO HELP 'EM? NOTHIN'!... NOT A THING!

ALL THE OTHER TEAMS GOT TANKS AND TRUCKS! AND ALL **WE** GOT IS OUR ROCKETS LEFT!

EVERYBODY STOPS WHAT THEY'RE DOING ALL AT ONCE... BECAUSE THEY ALL SEE THE SAME THING AT THE SAME TIME...

GREAT GIZMO!

YEAH... IT'S A TRAP!

ABLE'S LANDING BOATS ARE HEADING TOWARD THAT COMMIE GUNBOAT DOCKED OFF SHORE... AND CAMOUFLAGED TO LOOK LIKE A PART OF THE SHORE LINE!

OUR ANTI-TANK ROCKETS ARE **ARMOR-PIERCING**, BUTCH! WE COULD USE 'EM AGAINST THAT ARMORED GUNBOAT AN' SINK IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SARGE!

BUT **WE** ARE OUT OF ROCKETS!

SO ARE **WE**!

HAS ANYBODY GOT ANY ROCKETS LEFT?

YEAH!

WE HAVE... A WHOLE PACK FULL!

BUTCH WAS RIGHT! **FATE WAS** SAVIN' 'US AND OUR ROCKETS FOR THE **BIGGEST** AND MOST IMPORTANT TARGET! **LOAD UP, MULE!**

THE SARGE AND ALL THE OTHER BAZOOKA-MARINES WATCH WITH ENVY AS BOSTON AND MULE MOVE UP CLOSER AND GO INTO ACTION...

ROCKETS AWAY!



YANKEE BAZOOKAS ATTACK US FROM THE REAR, COMRADE COMMANDER!

IT IS ONLY ONE BAZOOKA... BUT IT FIRES AS RAPIDLY AS A DOZEN!



WITH THE PRECISION AND SPEED OF VETERANS, BOSTON AND MULE LOAD AND FIRE... AND RIP THEIR ROCKETS THRU THE COMMIE GUNBOAT'S IRON-SIDES!



SHE'S SINKING!



AND HERE COMES ABLE COMPANY HITIN' THE SHORES!



AND BEFORE LONG, ABLE AND KING COMPANIES GIVE THE REDS THE OL' SQUEEZEROO... AS SCHEDULED...

WE SURRENDER!



AND BOSTON BAKER AND MULE MILLER GET THE PRIZE FROM THE CAPTAIN... AS PROMISED... FOR BAGGING THE BIGGEST AND MOST IMPORTANT TARGET!

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK!



THE END

BATTLE'S END

THE two men walked down the main street of Titusville, one about ten feet ahead of the other, and no one could have told from the way they looked or spoke that they were both officers of the Union Army and both intent on a secret mission.

Halgren, the older of the two had met the younger one, Metterby, at the appointed time and the appointed place. The signal for recognition was simple and both had exchanged it.

Halgren led the way out of town. A fine, tree-lined road, though rutted now because of the occasional rains, stretched for some miles beyond Titusville and then dipped into North Carolina before coming back to Virginia again. Parallel to it ran the Titusville line of the railroad. There had been almost no troop movements in the past week. Everyone knew that the war was coming to an end soon, but only the Northern and Southern commanders had an inkling of exactly when.

Halgren kept walking until he reached the point where the road crossed the railroad tracks and then, very leisurely, he strolled into the woods. A moment later, as if suddenly taken by the same thought, Metterby followed.

Halgren stopped abruptly under the trailing branches of a weeping willow. Not far off, in a pond, frogs croaked. Magnolia bloomed a few hundred feet away, its delicate fragrance perfuming the air.

"I'm coming back here," Halgren said softly. "I'm coming back here when the war ends. Fine people. Too bad we've had

to fight 'em." He lifted his head toward Metterby suddenly and put out a hand, coming back to his real role.

"Your identity, please," he said.

Metterby, who was no more than twenty, produced a cigarette and unwrapped it carefully. Halgren took a small but high-power lens from his pocket and read what was written in incredibly tiny letters and in code on the rice-paper wrapping. His face broke into a half-comic, half-wry grin.

"New man, eh?" he said. "Know all about the South though, eh?"

"Yes, sir, that's right, sir," Metterby said, almost saluting. "I spent all my training period studying the South."

"How long was your training period?" Halgren asked, smiling.

"Ninety days, sir," Metterby said, and blushed. "But I do know the South. Why, my mother has family connections in Richmond."

"Ever been south before?" Halgren asked.

"N.No, sir. But, as I said, I've read all about it!"

"All right," Halgren said quietly. "You know why you're here?"

Metterby shook his head negatively.

"I'm just here, sir . . . at your disposal."

"Come over here," Halgren said, leading the way to a screen of bushes. He drew several apart, Metterby peered through. On a railroad siding, next to a small telegrapher's hut, rested a big freight car connected with a

locomotive. On the freight car rested the biggest field gun Metterby had ever seen.

"We're going to grab that engine, run it north and try to get it near our own lines so that when the surrender comes, our own troops will be sure to get it for study."

"Wouldn't we get it normally, sir?" Metterby asked, puzzled.

"It's a British gun," Halgren said. "You know the high sense of honor these southerners have; they may figure they have to ship it back to England. It's never even been fired."

"But it's not being guarded, sir," Metterby said.

Halgren nodded.

"Almost all of their troops have been shifted north. They've got civilians guarding the gun and the telegraph hut." He paused and grinned. "This is their lunch hour, and they're eating at home."

"Then the gun's really unguarded!"

Halgren nodded. "Come on," he said. "They keep the steam up in the locomotive though."

He led the way to the siding, slipped inside the hut for a moment. Outside, Metterby heard the sudden chatter of the telegraph, but his attention was immediately drawn to purls of smoke coming out through the funnel, and wisps of steam winding past the journal boxes. What Halgren had said was true. Steam was up.

Suddenly Halgren reappeared again.

"I've sent a message through to the station saying that the military wants the gun shipped. Get aboard, Lieutenant."

CONTINUED

THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than Half The Time it would take if you followed any other method.



"The Muscle Builder"
"Trainer of The Champions"

"MR. AMERICA" "MR. UNIVERSE"

CLANCY ROSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a mountain of mighty muscles — with power oozing out of every pore — is your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Herculean Weiger-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your **FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!**"



CLANCY ROSS: Mass of power-laden muscles — mighty 20-inch arms, 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

**ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO
THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN
BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED**

ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS... 4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!

Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"

IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my **TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE**, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

A-C-T-I-O-N

IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

**Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity
LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY
OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING
I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my **GIANT 32** page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, Herculean photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 12 and 95 in normal good health.



**NOTHING TO BUY!
YES, THAT'S RIGHT!**

JOE WEIDER
114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Dept. B 5210-A

Shoot the works, Joe! Rush me my **FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE** (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of banding and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

NAME _____ AGE _____

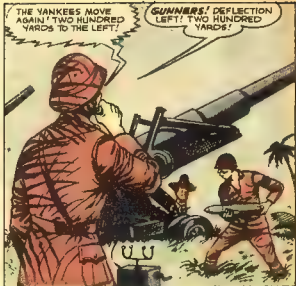
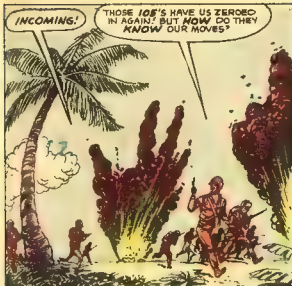
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

EYES IN THE NIGHT!

BAKU ATOLL, IN THE PACIFIC! THIS IS THE UNBELIEVABLE BATTLE RECORD OF A G.I. BATTALION THAT WAS ALMOST WIPED OUT BY THE JAPS UNTIL TWO MEN... BUT SEE THE ACTION FOR YOURSELF... AND HEAR IT FROM THE LIPS OF JOE MORGAN, ONE OF THE G.I.'S INVOLVED...





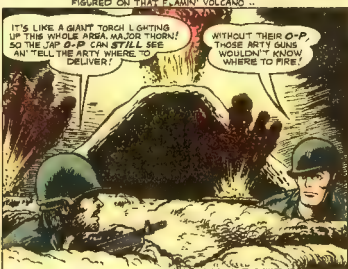
THE 108'S KEPT COMIN'... AN' WE KEPT DIGGIN' DEEPER...



IT'S GETTIN' DARK, MORGAN!
NO MATTER WHERE THEIR O-P
IS... THE NIGHT WILL BLIND IT!

YEAH,
HARRY!

WE FIGURED ON THE NIGHT STOPPIN' THE ARTY BARRAGE... BUT WE HADN'T
FIGURED ON THAT F..AMIN' VOLCANO...



IT'S LIKE A GIANT TORCH LIGHTING
UP THIS WHOLE AREA. MAJOR THORN!
SO THE JAP O-P CAN STILL SEE
AN' TELL THE ARTY WHERE TO
DELIVER!

WITHOUT THEIR O-P,
THOSE ARTY GUNS
WOULDN'T KNOW
WHERE TO FIRE!



SO GO AHEAD, MORGAN!
PERMISSION GRANTED
FOR YOU AND HARRY
TO GO SEE IF YOU CAN
LOCATE THAT O-P.
BE CAREFUL.

YES,
SIR!



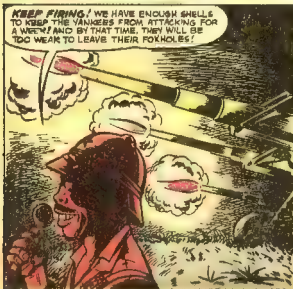
MAYBE THE
O-P IS UP IN
SOME TREE.
MORGAN? IT
HAS TO BE
UP HIGH!

LET'S CLIMB A TREE
AND SEE WHAT
THE VIEW IS LIKE
FROM THE TOP!



THERE'RE NO TREES
HIGHER THAN THIS
ONE... AND WE
CAN'T SEE THE
BEACH FROM HERE!

SO IF THE
O-P ISN'T
IN A TREE...
WHERE IS
IT?



KEEP FIRING! WE HAVE ENOUGH SHELLS
TO KEEP THE YANKERS FROM ATTACKING FOR
A WEEK! AND BY THAT TIME, THEY WILL BE
TOO WEAK TO LEAVE THEIR FOXHOLES!



WE'VE LOOKED FOR AN HOUR,
MORGAN... AN' THERE'S NO PLACE
HIGH ENOUGH FOR AN O-P TO
OPERATE FROM... EXCEPT THAT
BLOWTORN VOLCANO! AND
IT'S TOO HOT UP THERE... EVEN
FOR THE JAPS!

MAYBE! SO WE'RE
GOIN' TO CLIMB
THAT BLOWTORN
TO MAKE SURE!

FUNNY THING, MORGAN...
THIS VOLCANO **DON'T**
SEEM TO BE DOZIN' WITH
LAVA!

YEAH! AN' **LOOK...** IT'S ONLY
GIVIN' OFF FLAME AN' SMOKE
FROM **ONE SIDE**... THE SIDE
FACIN THE BEACH! LET'S
CLIMB UP AROUND THE
BACK WAY AN' INVESTIGATE!



MY PAL WAREY AN' ME HAVE HAD ALL KINDS OF EYE-OPENERS
IN OUR COMBAT DAYS, BUT NONE OF 'EM EVER JANGLED OUR
DOG TAGS THE WAY THEY DID WHEN WE REACHED THE TOP
OF THAT VOLCANO... AND LOOKED IN!

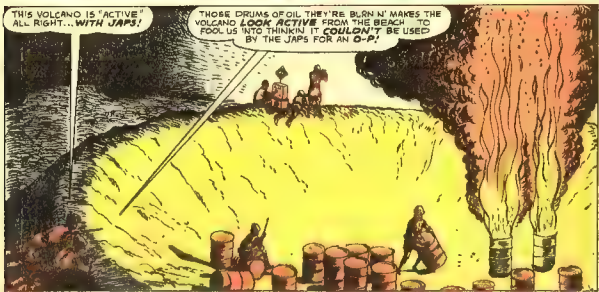
WHY, THOSE SNEAKY,
TRICKY JAPS!

YEAH!



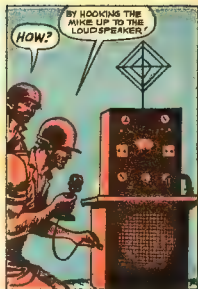
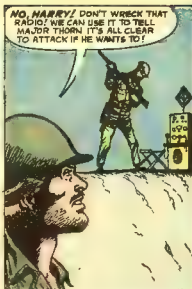
THIS VOLCANO IS "ACTIVE"
ALL RIGHT... WITH JAPS!

THOSE DRUMS OF OIL THEY'RE BURNIN' MAKES THE
VOLCANO **LOOK ACTIVE** FROM THE BEACH TO
FOOL US 'NTO THINKIN' IT **COULDN'T** BE USED
BY THE JAPS FOR AN O-P!



YANKEES!







AUTHENTIC SCALE MODEL OF FULL HUMAN SKELETON

MOVABLE, INTERLOCKING PARTS

Kids, how would you like to see the way you look without any skin on? Well, it sounds screwy, but now you really can. Yes, you can have your own scale model human skeleton that's bound to break up every classroom, party and social gathering you go to accompanied by your "friend," "Kilroy." (that is what we call him) is a perfect replica of the human body. He's a full 1 ft. high and every bone is in perfect scale to a human being. He's so authentic that nurses, doctors, medical schools, scientists, hobbyists, and just about everybody praise him. And, he's unbreakable. Each authentic part is constructed of lifetime bone like material that interlocks and snaps together to assemble in a jiffy. Real educational too. So order now! Here's one skeleton that won't stay hidden in the closet. Model suspends on formed wire stand.

only
\$7.98

FEATURES

- Authentic scale model
- Unbreakable—life time construction
- Movable and Detachable Parts
- Educational—perfect for schools

10 Day Free Trial

Order "Kilroy" now. If you don't find him full of more fun and laughs and education than you've ever had before, then simply return after 10 Day Free Trial for prompt refund of full purchase price. Only \$1.98 plus 25¢ shipping charges.

Money Back Guarantee

Honor House Products Corp.
Lynbrook, New York

Dept. SK-5

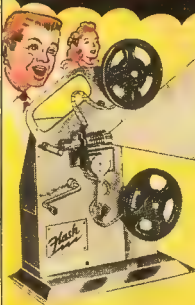
Rush me my authentic scale model "Kilroy" skeleton at once. If I am not 100% thrilled, I will return after 10 Day Free Trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98 plus 25¢ shipping charges.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping.

Name

Address

REAL 8MM HOME MOVIE PROJECTOR



Show Movies To Friends
Take Home Movies

This sturdy, all steel constructed projector is not a toy, but a complete mechanism that makes motion pictures a real fun. Imagine, Abbott & Costello, Mickey Mouse, Woody Woodpecker, all your favorite comedy, adventure & cowboy heroes all coming to life on your very own projector like Dad's, and for parties, gatherings, rainy days, etc.—There's no greater kicks than showing pictures. Why, you can even borrow a friend's camera and take pictures yourself and show them. Boy, won't Mom and Dad be thrilled. Yes, you'll show movies to friends and relations, hold parties, edit your own film, take your own movies and so much, much more. Your "Flash" motion picture projector brings to life 8MM color or black & white movies.

ONLY
\$6.95

EXCITING FEATURES

• Projects Color & Black White Film

• Takes up to 200 foot reels

• Complete with demountable theatre screen

• 25 ft. film subject free

PORTABLE—FULLY EQUIPPED

The "Flash" 8MM picture projector is projected by standard, inexpensive batteries for safety and ease. There's no plugs or connections to get out of order and it's portable. Simple enough for any youngster to operate.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Honor House Products Corp., Dept. HM 52
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my "Flash" 8MM Projector by return mail. If after 10 day free trial I am not 100% delighted, I may return it for full purchase price refund.

- ☐ I enclose \$6.95 plus 45¢ shipping charges.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus postage and shipping.

Name

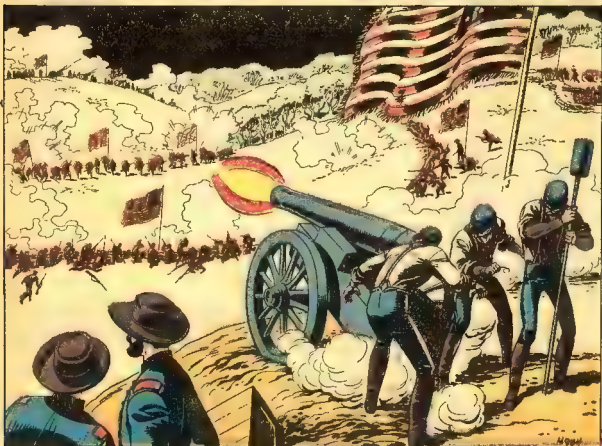
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FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Order your "Flash" 8MM Motion Picture Projector on 10 day Free Trial, show pictures indoors or out, and on any surface, or your money back. Complete outfit includes "Electric" 8MM projector, full, umous screen with stand, 25 ft. film subject, 200 ft. reel, and standard batteries. Only \$6.95 plus 45¢ shipping charges.

GETTYSBURG! AS LONG AS AMERICA LIVES, SO WILL THAT NAME! NORTH AND SOUTH REAPED GLORY AND HONOR ON THAT HALLOWED GROUND...ITS HISTORY REVEALS MANY LEGENDS, GREAT AND SMALL, OF GALLANTRY AND SERVICE TO THE CAUSE! AND AMONG THE GREATEST OF THESE WAS THE SAGA OF...

PICKETT'S CHARGE



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG RAGED FURIOUSLY, WITH THE MEN OF THE NORTH STEMMING EVERY ATTEMPT OF THE CONFEDERATES TO ASSAULT THEIR BARRICADES...



KEEP GOING, MEN!
THEIR LINES HAVE
TO BREAK SOME-
TIME!

BUT THE FEDERAL LINES WOULD NOT BREAK AND YOUNG LIEUTENANT JEFFREY'S EYES WERE BLINDED WITH TEARS OF CHAGRIN AT THE HOPELESS WASTE OF MEN WHO FELL!

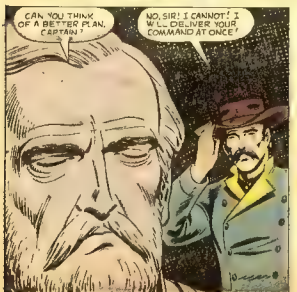
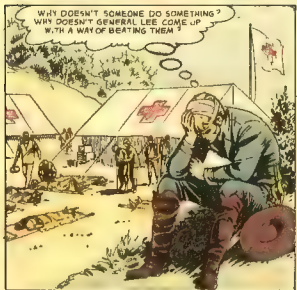


NO USE, SR! YOU'D
BETTER GO BACK!
SAVE YOURSELF!

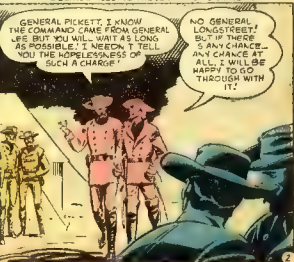
SINCE WHEN DO
YOU GIVE ORDERS,
PRIVATE?



EACH TIME THE CONFEDERATES ATTACKED, THE UNION CANNON-FIRE RAINED DESTRUCTION ON EVERY SOUTHERN ATTEMPT TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF BATTLE! AND NOW EVEN BRAVE LIEUTENANT JEFFREY KNEW IT WAS TIME TO GET OUT OF THERE!



WHEN THE OTHER OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERACY HEARD OF THE COMMAND, THEY WERE SHOCKED! GENERAL LONGSTREET DELAYED ISSUING THE COMMAND TO CHARGE.



THE DELAY CONTINUED AS THE BATTLE WENT ON! THE CONFEDERATE CANNON WERE HARPRESSED TO KEEP UP THE COUNTER-ASSAULT! FINALLY, GENERAL ALEXANDER CALLED IN LIEUTENANT JEFFREY AND SENT AN ORDER TO PICKETT

"COME QUICK, OR MY AMMUNITION WON'T LET ME SUPPORT YOU PROPERLY!"

IT SEEMS I CAN DELAY NO LONGER, LIEUTENANT! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN MY CASE?"

ANYTHING, SIR, ANYTHING THAT HAS A CHANCE!



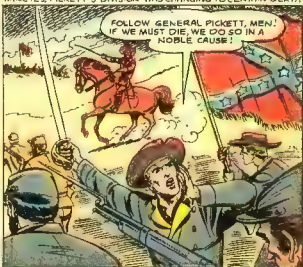
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I THINK! COME, GENERAL LONGSTREET MUST SEE THIS NOTE!

BUT LONGSTREET READ THE NOTE AND SAID NOTHING! INSTEAD HE TURNED HIS FACE AWAY FROM PICKETT, HIS EYES FILLED WITH TEARS! THEN PICKETT SPOKE

NOT ANOTHER WORD WAS SPOKEN! PICKETT HURRIED OFF TO HIS DIVISION AND IMMEDIATELY PUT IT IN MOTION! IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, PICKETT'S DIVISION WAS CHARGING TO CERTAIN DEATH!

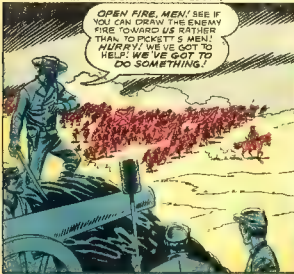


I AM GOING TO MOVE FORWARD, SIR!



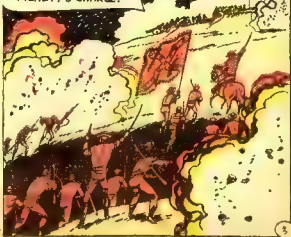
FOLLOW GENERAL PICKETT, MEN! IF WE MUST DIE, WE DO SO IN A NOBLE CAUSE!

THE OTHER DIVISIONS WATCHED SORROWFULLY AS HISTORY WAS MADE ON THAT FATEFUL DAY!



OPEN FIRE, MEN! SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW THE ENEMY FIRE TOWARD US RATHER THAN TO PICKETT'S MEN! HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

BUT THE FEDERAL GUNS PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE SOUTHERN CANNON! INSTEAD, THEY RESERVED THEIR ATTACK ONLY FOR PICKETT'S CHARGE!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

ONE MILLION DOLLARS CASH

IN CONFEDERATE MONEY



**Yours
only \$2.98**

Be a deep south millionaire! Have money to burn! We'll send you exactly one million bucks in honest-to-goodness authentic reproductions of genuine Confederate money, Plus SPECIAL BONUS BILLS—and all you pay is \$2.98! You can do everything with this money but spend it. Amaze and amuse your cotton-pickin' friends. Win bar bets by the barrel! Light your cigars and cigarettes with \$10.00 bills! Live it up! It's a million dollars worth of laughs and fun—all for only \$2.98.

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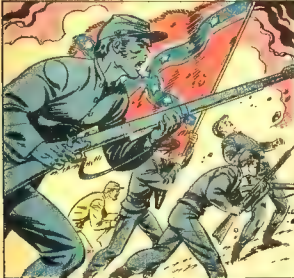
ACE MAIL ORDER CO. DEPT. MK-10
196 Degraw St., B'klyn 31, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.00 Deposit. I will pay postman COD balance PLUS postage.

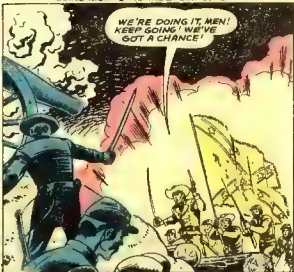
Name
Address
City

ITEM	SIZE	PRICE

DO SOMETHING? WHAT MORE COULD MEN DO THAN THIS?

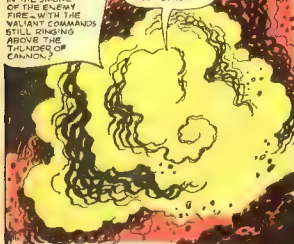


WHAT MORE COULD THEY DO THAN KEEP GOING. NEVER HALTING, GOING RIGHT UP TO THE ENEMY GUNS?



WHAT MORE COULD THEY DO THAN BECOME SWALLOWED UP IN THE SMOKE OF THE ENEMY FIRE... WITH THE VALIANT COMMANDS STILL RINGING ABOVE THE THUNDER OF CANNON?

KEEP GOING!
KEEP GOING!
KEEP GOING!



AND THAT WAS THE LAST OF THEM!

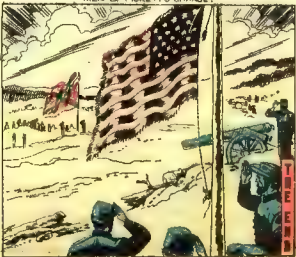


GENERAL WILCOX REPORTING, SIR: I AM HERE TO SUPPORT GENERAL PICKETT!

GENERAL THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO SUPPORT!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THERE WAS A LULL IN THE BATTLE... A LULL THAT ALLOWED THE UNION FORCES AS WELL AS THE CONFEDERATES TO RUN UP A FLAG IN HONOR OF THE VALIANT MEN OF PICKETT'S CHARGE!



TRUE WAR STORIES THAT MADE HISTORY... TOLD BY

COMBAT KELLY



IT WAS ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT THAT COLD OCTOBER NIGHT DURN' **WORLD WAR I**, 'CAUSE OUR DOUGHBOYS WERE WAITIN' FOR THE DAWN... WAITIN' FOR ZERO HOUR... WAITIN' TO GO OVER THE TOP! THIS WAS GOIN' TO BE **IT**... THE BIG PUSH! EVERY COMPANY, EVERY PLATOON, EVERY SQUAD AN' EVERY DOUGHIE HAD TO HIT AN' HIT HARD... ELSE THE WHOLE PUSH WOULDN'T BE WORTH A BUSTED GRENADE! AN' AS THEY WAITED IN THEIR TRENCHES... THAT'S WHEN THEY GOT...

MACHINE-GUNNED!

TWENTY-NINE MORE MINUTES TO **ZERO HOUR**, SERGEANT! PASS THE WORD DOWN...

ENEMY STRAFERS, CAP'N KELLNER!



TWO FOKKER-WULFS CAME BUSTIN' THRU THE N'GHT, NO MORE'N TEN FEET OVER THE DOUGHIES' STEEL SOMBREROS! AN' AS THEY SCORCHED PAST, THEY RAKED THE BATTLEGROUND WITH THEIR MACHINE GUNS...



LIKE TAR-COLORED JUICYSAND, THE NIGHT SWALLOWED UP THE TWO ENEMY STRAPERS AFTER THEY'D MADE THE R. PASS! THEN THE STEEL-TOPS OF THE DOUGHIES POKED OVER THE LIP OF THEIR TRENCHES...

THEY'RE GONE!

YEAH!

TWENTY-FOUR MORE MINUTES BEFORE...

THEY'RE COMING BACK!

FIRST CAME THE WHIR OF THEIR PROPS... THEN THE CHOP OF THEIR MACHINE GUNS!

AGAIN THE BRACE OF FOKKERS SLICED HEDGE-HIGH OVER THE YANK TRENCHES...

IF THEY KEEP THAT UP, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GO OVER THE TOP WHEN THE TIME COMES CAP'N!

WE MUST! OR ELSE OUR OUTFIT WILL WEAKEN THE ENTIRE FRONT... AND THE B.G. PUSH WILL FAIL!



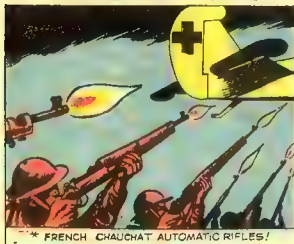
WE DO IT AGAIN, JA?

JA!

HERE THEY COME AGAIN... AND ONLY EIGHTEEN MINUTES LEFT BEFORE ZERO HOUR!



CAPN KELLNER PASSED THE WORD UP AN' DOWN THE TRENCHES FOR HIS DOUGHIES TO LET LOOSE WITH THEIR SPRINGFIELDS AN' CHAUT-CHAUTS *... AN' THE *RENCHES ERUPTED WITH GUNFIRE...



* FRENCH CHAUCHAT AUTOMATIC RIFLES!

TRYIN' TO HIT THOSE PLANES WITH OUR SMALL-ARMS FIRE IS LIKE TRYIN' TO THREAD A NEEDLE WHILE RIDIN' HORSEBACK, CAPN!

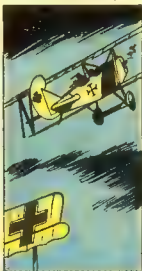
YEAH! IT'S A WASTE OF AMMO... AND WE'LL NEED IT FOR THE PUSH!



TWELVE MINUTES TO ZERO HOUR...



SEVEN MINUTES...



THREE...



ONE...



ZERO HOUR! THIS IS IT!



AN' HERE COME THE STRAFERS!

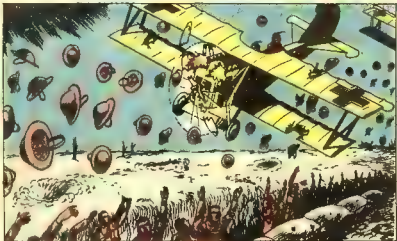


STAY IN THE TRENCHES!

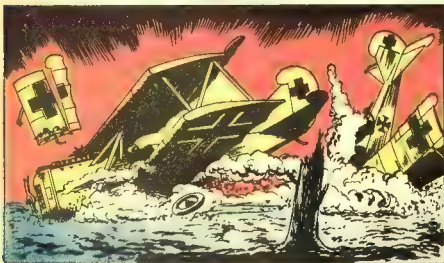
THE PLANES CAME IN FAST AN' LOW...
MACHINE GUNS FLASHING!



CAPTAIN KELLNER BLEW HIS WHISTLE! IT WAS A SIGNAL, AND EVERY DOUGHER HEAVED HIS STEEL HELMET UP OUT OF THE TRENCHES RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF THE SPEEDIN' FOKKER'S... AN' THAT WAS LIKE PUTTIN' UP A STEEL WALL IN FRONT OF THE PLANES!



THE PROPS CRACKED, THE PLANES FLIPPED OVER... AND SLAMMED TO THE GROUND!



OVER THE TOP!



THE OLDEST PLED OUT! THEY ADVANCED! THEY HIT THE ENEMY LINE AN' HIT 'T HARD! THE GERMANS STAGGERED... THEN REELED BACK THE BIG ALLIED ADVANCE WAS ON!



AN' THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED NOT LONG AFTER THAT BIG DAY! IT'S A DAY ON WHICH TO REMEMBER THOSE WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE!



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11

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CONTINUED

"We're going now?" Metterby asked.

"You've had your own lunch, haven't you?" Halgren asked, smiling faintly, and when Metterby nodded, continued, "Well, then we're going. You'll be fireman. I've studied this whole thing carefully. I know what's on the track ahead and all their schedules."

"What's on the track ahead, sir?" Metterby asked, climbing up into the cab.

Halgren cast a critical eye at the dials and gauges and put his hand on the throttle.

"Nothing," he said. "The line's clear all the way through to Ravenal. We'll stop now and then send messages through to clear the way, if we have to. But I hope we don't have to."

Throwing aside his hat and coat, Metterby bent to the coal shovel. The fire-bed was a blazing mass. Then, as he laid on the first shovelful and banged the door shut, Halgren moved the throttle forward. The drive-wheels groaned and then began turning around. Metterby, looking up, saw the surrounding trees start to slip behind. The engine turned around a bend of track toward the town, then another bend took it away from Titusville, slightly northward toward where the spur joined the main track.

Faster and faster the train went along the track. Halgren glanced back at the freight car. The heavy gun had been securely chained and there was no chance it would fall off. The train pounded on.

Suddenly it slowed down at a switch in the tracks. Halgren jumped off with a rail spanner, shifted the switch and then ran back. As the train started moving directly north, Halgren pointed to the other tracking bending west and then south. "From here on, it's town and go. They think we're shipping west; now we're going north."

"What happens if they send a train after us, Captain?" Metterby asked.

Halgren said nothing until they'd gone a few miles further

north. Again he halted the train, jumped off and ran back. Taking a spare length of chain he fixed it to the tail of the freight car, then looped it around the rail. A moment later, as the train moved off, a hundred foot section of track tore loose; the chain snapped and the engine with its precious cargo began gathering speed ahead.

They passed through Rankinville, Wenobscot and Taillefeur without attracting much attention, crowding into the high engine cab and crouching down as the train went through inhabited sectors. Metterby noticed that discipline seemed lax; neither the stations nor the transfer yards were guarded.



"They know the war's lost as well as we do," Halgren said. "It's the same thing up north." He plucked a map out of his pocket and looked at it carefully. "We're getting closer to their lines."

"Look, sir!" Metterby said, suddenly.

Ahead of them by some thousand feet, an engine suddenly moved out onto the main track from a spur dragging three freight cars loaded with timber. Halgren's face fell. "We'll have to stop at Sommers Falls and send another fake telegram to have the track cleared. That train will hold us up!"

But, as they neared Sommers

Falls, a steam pipe broke. "You get into town!" Halgren ordered. "Pose as a civilian dispatcher at the telegraph office!" He bent to the task of fixing the pipe.

Metterby came back at a trot half an hour later, followed by the distant sound of shots. "I just barely got away, sir!" he explained. "Something went wrong, but I don't know what!"

Halgren gave a final wrench to the new pipe length, crowded on steam immediately. The train started forward; ahead lay Sommers Falls. Then, as the town came into view, Halgren groaned. Across the tracks lay a hastily - built barricade, and armed soldiers with a field gun stood before it.

Realizing escape was impossible, Halgren brought the train to a stop a few feet from the barricade. To his surprise a dozen Confederate officers jumped aboard the gun car and sat down as a Colonel and Major crowded into the cab, keeping an eye on the northern-
ers.

"Proceed," the Colonel said crisply. "To Appomattox!"

"You . . . you're not going to arrest us?" Halgren asked, amazed.

"Wouldn't be much point, now," the Colonel said wryly. "We'll hand you over to your own army. Lee has surrendered to Grant at Appomattox and ordered us up there fast to help with the details!"

Halgren applied the throttle. "Well, sir," he said, "I would like to know how you found us out!"

The Colonel glanced at the nervous Metterby and smiled.

"I reckon your friend here was too anxious to pass as a southerner . . . obviously he was mixed up and didn't realize what he'd done when he handed the message to our telegrapher, for he wrote it in a southern accent!"

THE END G-807

BOOBY TRAP!

Featuring GUEST STARS COMBAT CASEY AND HIS BUDDY "PENNY"!

AH-HA, YANKEES!
CAUGHT... LIKE RATS
IN A TRAP!

BUT EVEN RATS
CAN STRIKE
BACK!



COMBAT CASEY WHIRLED AROUND. HIS GARAND
COUGHED ONCE...TWICE / THE FLASHLIGHT IN
THE MAJOR'S HAND WENT OUT...



SPRAY THE ROOM
WITH YOUR BURP
GUNS!



HA! THEY DID NOT
EVEN HAVE A CHANCE
TO RETURN OUR FIRE!
TURN ON THE LIGHTS
AND LET US GAZE
UPON THE...



THEY ARE
NOT HERE,
COMRADE
MAJOR!

I HEAR
A MOTOR
OUTSIDE!



THEY ESCAPE
IN OUR
VEHICLE!

BUT THEY WILL NOT
GET FAR! THERE IS
ONLY ONE ROAD FROM
HERE TO THE SOUTH...
AND I SHALL NOTIFY
THE SENTRY POST
TO DESTROY THE
VEHICLE ON SIGHT!



THE VEHICLE WHICH
THE COMRADE MAJOR
TELEPHONED ABOUT
APPROACHES, COMRADE
SERGEANT!

WHEN IT RUNS
OVER THE MINE-
TRAP IN THE
ROAD, THE
VEHICLE AND
THE YANKES
WILL BE NO
MORE!





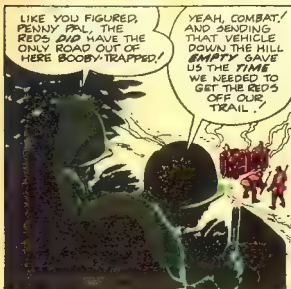
THE BRIEFCASE WITH THE DOCUMENTS... IT IS NOT IN THE WRECKAGE, COMRADE SERGEANT

NOR ARE THE YANKEES!



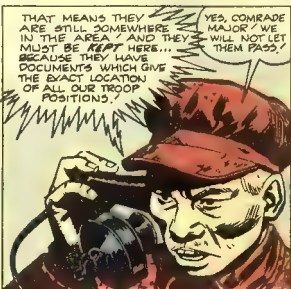
LIKE YOU FIGURED, PENNY PAL, THE REDS *DID* HAVE THE ONLY ROAD OUT OF HERE BOOBY-TRAPPED!

YEAH, COMBAT! AND SENDING THAT VEHICLE DOWN THE HILL *EMPTY* GAVE US THE TIME WE NEEDED TO GET THE REDS OFF OUR TRAIL!



THAT MEANS THEY ARE STILL SOMEWHERE IN THE AREA! AND THEY MUST BE *KEPT* HERE... BECAUSE THEY HAVE DOCUMENTS WHICH GIVE THE EXACT LOCATION OF ALL OUR TROOP POSITIONS.

YES, COMRADE MAJOR! WE WILL NOT LET THEM PASS!



THE REDS SPREAD OUT IN A HUMAN FENCE BETWEEN THE TWO DOGGIES AND FREEDOM! THEN, WITH THEIR BURP GUNS BURPING, THEY PRESSED FORWARD SLOWLY, DRIVING COMBAT CASEY AND HIS BUDDY PENNY C. PENNINGTON DEEPER INTO ENEMY TERRITORY...



THE COMMIE WALL DIDN'T STOP MOVING UNTIL MORNING RIPPED NIGHT'S BLACK VEIL AWAY...

GUESS THEY FIGURE THEY'VE GOT US STASHED DEEP ENOUGH INSIDE THEIR TRAP.

NOW THEY'LL JUST STAND GUARD AND KEEP US FROM GETTING PAST THEM.

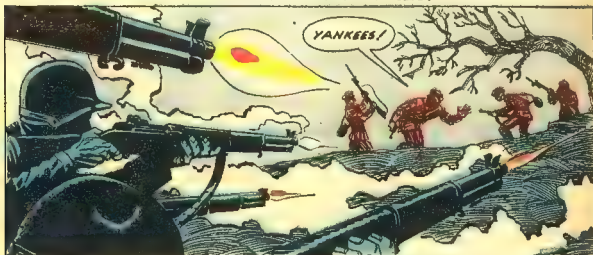


AS LONG AS THEY STAY ENSNARED IN OUR TRAP, THE DOCUMENTS THEY POSSESS ARE WORTHLESS TO THE AMERICANS.

THE DOCUMENTS WILL NEVER REACH THE YANKEE OFFICERS. COMRADE MAJOR! AND SO THEY WILL NEVER LEARN WHERE OUR TROOPS AND BUILD-UP AREA ARE.



BUT SUDDENLY, A WHOLE COMPANY OF GARANDS THUNDERED TOGETHER, LIKE ONE GIANTIC CANNON, AND THE AMAZED REDS FACED AN OLIVE-DRAB WAVE SWEEPING TOWARD THEM BEHIND A SPRAY OF BULLETS!



THEY FOUND OUR POSITION WITHOUT THE DOCUMENTS, BUT NOW?

TELEPHONE OUR OTHER FORCES FOR IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE!



TELL THEM TO ATTACK FROM BOTH FLANKS ... AND THE ENTIRE YANKEE COMPANY WILL BE ENSNARED!

YES, COMRADE MAJOR!



MAJOR MONG'S ORDERS ... ATTACK YANKEES IN OUR POSITION! SNARE AND SMASH THEM!





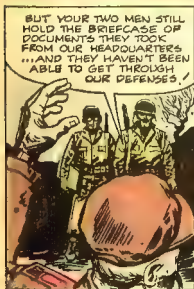
I DON'T SAVVY WHAT YOU'RE YAPPIN' ABOUT, COMMIE, BUT IF YOU'RE CALLIN' FOR HELP... THE COMMIE TROOPS HERE NEED PLENTY TOO!

A YANKEE VOICE ANSWERS, COMRADE MAJOR. IT IS **WE** WHO ARE NOW ENSNARED!



WE SURRENDER, CAPTAIN. BUT WHY DID YOU SEND YOUR PATROL TO STEAL OUR DOCUMENTS IF YOU **KNEW** WHERE OUR POSITIONS WERE **WITHOUT** THEM?

WE **DIDN'T** KNOW, UNTIL WE RECEIVED THE DOCUMENTS!

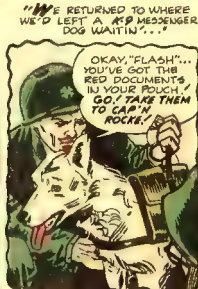


BUT YOUR TWO MEN STILL HOLD THE BRIEFCASE OF DOCUMENTS THEY TOOK FROM OUR HEADQUARTERS...AND THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET THROUGH OUR DEFENSES!



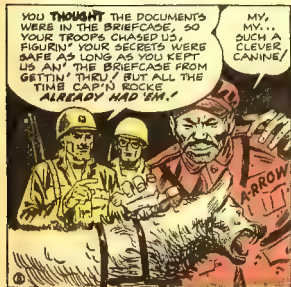
THE BRIEFCASE IS **EMPTY**. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DOCUMENTS?

AFTER WE BAILED OUT OF THE VEHICLE WHICH YOUR BOOBY-TRAP BLEW UP...



"WE RETURNED TO WHERE WE'D LEFT A **K-9** MESSENGER DOG WAITIN'..."

OKAY, "FLASH"... YOU'VE GOT THE RED DOCUMENTS IN YOUR POUCH. GO! TAKE THEM TO CAP'N ROCKE!



YOU **THOUGHT** THE DOCUMENTS WERE IN THE BRIEFCASE, SO YOUR TROOPS CHASED US, FIGURIN' YOUR SECRETS WERE SAFE AS LONG AS YOU KEPT US AN'. THE BRIEFCASE FROM GETTIN' THRU, BUT ALL THE TIME CAP'N ROCKE **ALREADY** HAD 'EM!

MY, MY... SUCH A CLEVER CANINE!



BUT HE ALSO DISLIKES COMMUNISTS!



Draw me!*

You may win a \$430⁰⁰ scholarship
in commercial art

***Draw this girl's head** with pencil, 6 inches high. As winner of contest you get a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning, or landscape or portrait painting. You are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school, founded over 40 years ago.

Many former students of this school are now earning from \$150 a week to over \$50,000 a year. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with this school. Try for this free art course! Winner also gets professional drawing supplies and a series of valuable art textbooks. Entries for September 1958 contest must be received by September 30. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified.

Use 1 coupon then pass this page on to a friend.

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Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____

3. ART INSTRUCTION, INC. STUDIO 8948-1
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

MOTHER

God took the Sunshine
from the Skies
And made the Lowlight
in your eyes;
He gave you breath
And with His Love
made your drive
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
MINE

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I Lay me down
To Sleep,
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

The Way Of The
CROSS
IS HOME

Love
one another
AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU

**God Bless
OUR HOME**

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

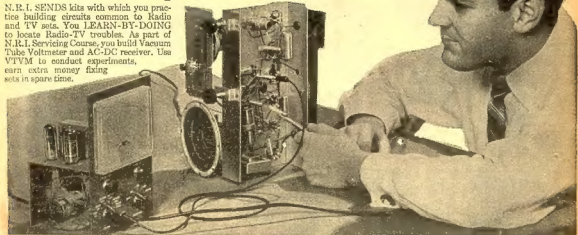
Dept. RON P. O. Box 1004

Nashville, Tennessee

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Servicing or Communications by Practicing at Home in Spare Time

N.R.I. SENDS kits with which you practice building circuits common to Radio and TV sets. You LEARN-BY-DOING to locate Radio-TV troubles. As part of N.R.I. Servicing Course, you build Vacuum Tube Voltmeter and AC-DC receiver. Use VTVM to conduct experiments, earn extra money fixing sets in spare time.



RADIO-TV BROADCASTING (see above) offers important positions as Operators and Technicians. RADIO-TV SERVICING Technicians (see below) needed in every community. Their services are respected, their skill appreciated.



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J. E. SMITH
founder

Bigger than ever and still growing fast. That's why Radio-TV has special appeal to ambitious men not satisfied with their job and earnings. More than 4,000 Radio and TV stations. More than 150 million home and auto Radios, 40 million TV sets. Color TV promises added opportunities. For the trained man, there are good jobs, bright futures in Radio-TV Servicing or Broadcasting.

Training PLUS opportunity is the ideal combination for success. So plan now to get into Radio-TV. The technical man is looked up to. He does important work, gets good pay for it. Radio-Television offers that kind of work. NRI can supply training quickly, without expense of going away to school. Keep your job while training. You learn at home in your spare time. NRI is the OLDEST and LARGEST home study Radio-TV school. Its methods have proved successful for more than 40 years.

Added Income Soon - \$10, \$15 a Week in Spare Time

Soon after enrolling, many NRI students start to earn \$10, \$15 a week in spare time fixing sets. Some pay for their training and enjoy extra luxuries this way. Some make enough to start their own Radio-TV shops. NRI training is practical—gets quick results. Easy to understand, well illustrated lessons teach you basic principles. And you LEARN-BY-DOING by practicing with kits of equipment which "bring to life" things you study.

Find Out What NRI Offers

NRI has trained thousands for successful careers in Radio-TV. Study fast or slow—as you like. Diploma when you graduate. Mail coupon now. Paste it on a postcard or mail in envelope. ACTUAL LESSON FREE. Also 64 page catalog that shows opportunities, shows equipment you get. Cost of NRI courses low. Easy terms. NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. EKM1, Washington, D. C.

N.R.I. TRAINED THESE MEN FOR SUCCESS



"I was repairing Radios by 10th lesson. Now have good TV job." M. R. LINDEMUTH, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"I had a successful Radio repair shop. Now I'm Engineer for WHPK." V. W. WORKMAN, High Point, N.C.



"Doing spare time repairs on Radio and TV. Soon servicing full time." CLYDE HIGGINS, Waltham, Mass.

"There are a number of NRI graduates here. I can thank NRI for this job." JACK WAGNER, Lexington, N. C.



VETERANS Approved Under G. I. Bills

SEND FOR BOTH FREE

National Radio Institute

Dept. EKM1 Washington 16, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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with scope



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Size
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Take your choice of a wonderful Parakeet (the talking bird) or any of these other prizes. Many prizes of these other prizes. Many prizes shown here and dozens more in our Big Prize Book are given WITH-OUT COST for selling 30 XMAS PACKS at 35c each. Some of the larger prizes require more sales or extra money as explained in the Big Prize Book.

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ARCHERY SET
34" Lemonwood Bow



BOYS' AND
GIRLS'
Wrist Watches

CHEM-CRAFT LAB
with atomic
energy book



WYATT EARP
Holster Set with
Buntline Special Gun



POOL TABLE
SET



Mail This—Send No Money

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 857, Lancaster, Pa.
Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

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